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Editorial

The year 1958 is inaugurated as a year of pilgrimage and prayer—the great pilgrimage being in honor of the Centennial Year of the apparitions of Our Lady at Lourdes to her chosen little sheperdess Bernadette Soubirous in the rocky grotto of Massabielle. Fortunate are those who can pray before the grotto in person or vividly recall the occasion on which they were thus favored; but all Catholics can answer the Holy Father's plea for an increased practice of penance during this year of grace. He is but answering the call of Mary Immaculate urging "penance, penance, penance" in her solicitude for the conversion of sinners and the salvation of all mankind. Increased prayer, then, for sinners can be made our offering, as, in spirit, we visit her favored shrine.

Inter Nos is happy to announce that Joan Hamill won \$50.00, a second prize in an essay contest concerning "The Bill of Rights." This contest was sponsored by a Civic Committee. The History Department also received a gift of \$50.00.

The new residence hall situated due west from the resident students' dining hall is nearing completion, and the spacious chapel of the House of Studies gives promise of becoming a worthy monument to God's glory. Naturally the novices are very much interested in its progress; each group hoping to be the first to pronounce vows in the new chapel.

We shall appreciate renewals from non-student subscribers to Inter

Nos, as this first volume of 1958 appears. Renewals will help cover the cost of issuing our little Quarterly.

Again we thank the faithful readers, whose subscriptions extend back to the first number. Some have kept them all, and some have made theirs bound copies.

An unusual series of lectures is in progress which is open to the public. It is very worthwhile from the standpoint of interest and of cultural and educational value. The administration has asked for a repetition of this series given about four years ago. The title is "Every Woman's World."

It is conducted by guest lecturers who are well versed in the various fields of interest. Judge A. A. Scott's lecture will be on Juvenile Delinquency. Miss Peggy Sullivan talked on Landscape Architecture. Among other titles will be included: Psychology in the Home, What you should know about Life Insurance, The Child, New Demands on Women and others of equal interest.

Sister M. Dolorosa

My College

By Barbara Sullivan

I attend a small, private college for women and yet contrary to popular opinion I am not an isolationist, an anti-socialist, the intellectual type, a social misfit, nor am I planning on becoming a nun. I am an average girl of average mentality—just a little taller than most and perhaps a little more talkative. I possess no external mark which would distinguish me from the tens of thousands of other girls who parade to class every day in sweaters, skirts, and bucks.

Yet, whenever I casually mention to the “sophisticated older set of this world” that I go to a woman’s college they wrinkle up their noses and look at me with expressions which vary from embarrassment to surprise to shock to pity. I feel the look of pity the worst of all—it is as though I should be classified with orphans, degenerates, and stray dogs. The general opinion of people is that I am not of their world and furthermore that I am being sheltered, and when I graduate from college I will be a poor little innocent in their world. It is almost as though I had given up my worldly citizenship and gone to live on the moon.

My college, I must admit, however, is located high upon a mountain top where, some people claim, the air is a little thin, but the more sturdy individuals among us manage quite well without oxygen masks.

The ascending to this great height although it may discourage all but the professional mountain climber, has certain advantages (lack of smog being the most significant). From our hill top I have the advantage of a wide perspective of that world I supposedly have forsaken. This wide horizon of ocean, and mountains, and buildings, and streets, and lights which lie before me is as vast and varied as the subjects that I take while attending my “isolated” liberal arts college. I see below me many people in various occupations busying themselves day by day with the usual activities. I do not as of yet have to work to sustain my livelihood—I am still in that period of preparation for life by learning the “whys” of life. I will leave this college better prepared to understand more fully the motivating reason behind the actions of people of the world. Through my liberal arts education I am learning to see life with her happy face, life with her depressing face, life with her cloudy face, and life with her magic face—yet I know that none of these alone is really sufficient. It takes a composite of all of these to make up a true picture of life.

Another worry of my “worldly” friends is that my circle of acquaintances is very narrow, and that I know only one type of girl from one set background. I have considered this problem carefully but as of yet I have been unable to find the common background of my college friends. I will admit however that I am neither a mathematician nor a statistician. I would be very grateful if some budding

young Einstein would find for me the common denominator between a customs agent from Calexico, an accountant from Minnesota, a banker from Utah, a restaurant owner from Encino, a car salesman from Oakland, a plumber from Bakersfield, a doctor from Phoenix, and a bakery manager from Denver. Until then I am afraid I will remain happy in my ignorance assuming that my circle of school acquaintances is as broad as that of any persons living in "that world."

And as far as knowing just a stereotyped girl I am afraid they would be disappointed if they met my friends. Not only they do not fit into "that college girl type" but they stubbornly and steadfastly refuse to ever do so. If you had to classify them they would fit roughly into the following categories: clear thinking girls, excitable girls, moody girls, studious girls, slow methodical girls, quick impulsive girls, happy-go-lucky girls, and all round all American girls. They have such varied ambitions as to be research chemists, nurses, marine biologists, teachers, language interpreters, writers, social workers for juvenile delinquents, and wives and mothers.

When I mention "wives and mothers" as a career my worldly friends raise their eyebrows. And yet this is probably the ultimate ambition of 80 per cent of the girls at my college. All of my friends date and many of them are engaged, pinned or going steady, and others are just "playing the field." They go to dances, and shows, fraternity parties, beach parties, bowling, golfing, to dinner and all the other places frequented by college "kids" on Friday and Saturday nights.

Another battle cry of my opponents is that I am ignorant of what is going on, and that I am isolated in a little world of my own. My isolation includes among other things a student government of its own. Here I see, on a smaller scale, of course, the problems that face all the governments of the world. Once a year I am given an opportunity to vote for the candidates of my own choosing, at student body elections. I choose the girls that represent me on my student council—the policy making body of my school. I have the right to appear before this body and express my views upon any of their decisions. I am learning the responsibility of student government, while enjoying some of its privileges. I realize that not everyone can be active but everyone can be interested, and that only by being interested now will I be interested later in my Federal and State governments.

Each year a group of girls from my college attend the model U.N. These students are vitally interested in the future and are learning of the one organization that many people feel is the only hope of the world. They learn the intricate workings of an organization that has world significance and international effects. On the level of our own Federal government we have Young Democrat and Young Republican Clubs which help their respective organizations during elections with registration, materials, committees, and other election

work. They meet and interview some of the candidates and actually are acquainted with many of the important issues of each election.

My college contributes to Catholic Charities and the Community Chest. We collect Thanksgiving baskets for the poor, and give our blood to the Red Cross, to use in supplying life to others. We do these things because we are part of our community and, as such, we recognize a responsibility on our part to do something for it.

We have three or four art exhibits each year where we are afforded the opportunity of viewing the best of the Southland artists. There are, at other times, special exhibits by some of the best artists of the country, and special displays of art treasures. Also, once a year there is an art exhibit which displays the works of students who may someday be artistic geniuses.

The music department also, sponsors many events of great interest to the student body. They put on opera workshops with both professionals and non-professionals participating. We are given the opportunity to see parts of all of the great operas and obtain some knowledge of their stories and their music. Our music department also cooperates with the community in presenting symphonies, by both the students and the people of the community. This affords the girls a chance to hear some good music and gives our music majors a chance for some stage experience.

Our International Language Club sponsors a festival each year at which it presents the dances and music of many countries. There are also other clubs on campus which sponsor talks by famous artists, writers, scientists, and historians. There are current events forums every two weeks where the girls discuss and evaluate the events which are helping to shape the destiny of their lives and those of the whole world. There are special field trips to mental institutions, hospitals, homes for the blind, newspapers, crime labs, juvenile halls, air craft plants, and movie studios.

And so from my college on the mountain tops I can look at my worldly friends who give me those pitying looks and smile knowing that in this private college which may be very limited according to square inches, 56 acres to be exact, I have at my finger tips all the advantages of the big wide world that is spread out below. I have learned to be, not a person of the world, but a person in the world.

It Happened "Down Below"

By Sister M. Christopher

"The soldiers are coming—move!" A throaty masculine voice cut the damp corridor. "You over there, take that child with you." The small group tensed momentarily. A woman's voice cracked. "My God, the arena."

"God will protect you, my children." A tall figure moved toward the center of the group. He looked toward the man who had called the warning. "Help me, Patricius."

Patricius nodded but turned for an instant to stare at the backs of the departing figures. They seemed to slide into the wall and disappear. He turned to the older man, "Maximus, give me that."

Opening his robe Maximus surrendered the object. "Guard it well, my son." The old man's eyes closed. His hand moved involuntarily to his dampened brow.

Patricius interrupted gently. "I think we'd better go, Maximus. The soldiers won't find this passage for awhile but still. . . ."

"I understand Patricius but sometimes . . ." He faltered and leaned heavily on Patricius' shoulder.

This was the life of the Christian in Rome in the early centuries of the Church. In order to bury their dead they would retreat to the catacombs but the danger of discovery was always eminent.

The Romans considered this religion founded by Jesus of Nazareth merely a "budding" of the Jewish faith. They crucified "this Jesus" but killing Him seemed to have no effect on His followers. They were few and soon they were more and then there were too many to be ignored. The Roman Emperors decided to follow the same policy with Jesus' followers as they had used on Him.

It became a game following a set procedure. Locate them preferably at one of their "love feasts." (This was the name given to the sacrifice of the Mass). Once captured they seemed to lack fear. Even in the arena with a thousand pagan eyes mocking them and the most painful of deaths before them, they could smile.

Although the followers of Jesus could not fight the Roman legions on an equal basis, they did have an answer. Outside the city because Roman law forbade burial within the city limits, were underground burying places commonly known as the catacombs. Forming a great circle around Rome this area was composed of a rock known as tufa which was quite easy to dig into and yet did not crumble. For years the Jews had dug into this earth, forming a type of underground cavern and so the Christians simply followed their example.

Digging into the earth they would form a gallery approximately

six feet high and three feet wide. In the walls they cut holes called "loculi," where the bodies of fellow Christians could be placed. As the growth of this area increased larger rooms were formed as meeting places or hiding places in times of general persecution.

Sometimes it was not necessary to begin a new catacomb. Many wealthy Romans and Jews embraced the Christian faith and they allowed their fellow Christians to use their family vaults. Followers of the "Nazarene" came from all classes and whether their rank was senatorial or slave the title Christian held an elevated position and massed this diversified group into a unity.

Their life became somewhat communal in that the material goods of one were for the benefit of all. Their sharing was not limited to the using of a catacomb for burial but moved into the realm of the supernatural where they gave to one another the very essence of Jesus of Galilee's teaching—love.

The intensity of these early Christians made them desire to imitate Jesus as closely as possible. It is true that they followed His teachings but their devotion was carried to an even finer point. Christ was buried in a sepulchre. By being buried in the catacombs which were much like sepulchres they felt an even closer union with Him. Perhaps to us this point may seem incidental or even sentimental but a brief study of the life of the early Christian and all its reality can only bring a negative reply to this accusation.

Men such as Patricius and Maximus lived in and imbibed much of the Roman surroundings. There was much value both culturally and from the view point of personal enrichment that the Roman world could offer. But the Roman philosophy of excess in food and drink and their seeming blindness to the dignity of their nature showed the Christian that in order to differentiate their society, they must adopt customs as far away as possible from the pagan culture about them. Again we can refer to the catacombs. The Christian seemed to mock his persecutors with the belief in a life hereafter. The Romans who believed in "eating, drinking and being merry for tomorrow you may die" held no belief in the life hereafter. They burned the bodies of their dead. The Christian on the other hand would risk his life to gather the remains of a martyr and place the body in its catacomb hiding place knowing that someday it would rise again in full perfection to be united with the soul and in this state would share an eternity of happiness with God.

The catacombs afforded a place away from the eyes of Roman law for the Christian to pray at the grave of a martyr. On the tomb itself they could place such inscriptions as "Vivas in Christo"—May you live in Christ. In this way they felt themselves linked with the spirit of the martyr who was now living "in Christ."

By the middle of the third century hatred of the Christians had reached such a peak that the Romans no longer respected the sanctity of the catacombs and began to raid them regularly. The Christians

retaliated by blocking up the regular entrances and burrowing for miles beyond the ordinary expanse of the catacombs building hundreds of intricately designed passages which were easily accessible to the Christians by way of sand quarries and the miles of open country outside the city of Rome.

In 313 relief came to Christendom for Constantine issued the Edict of Milan. The persecutions ended and Christians throughout the Empire gave proof of their love for the catacombs by erecting basilicas over the very spot where the martyrs lay buried in the catacombs. These basilicas such as St. Cecilia and St. Pancratius became places of worship and pilgrimage.

Then came the year of misfortune, 410 when the Goths laid siege to Rome for months and devastated the surrounding countryside. This naturally put an end to burial and worship in the catacombs. Repeated barbarian invasions placed the catacombs in danger of complete destruction, so Pope Paul I transferred the remains of many of the martyrs to churches in the city of Rome. As a result the catacombs lost their attraction for the faithful and by the twelfth century they were completely forgotten.

The gratitude of Christianity for the re-discovery of the catacombs centuries later is much due to the Jesuit Father Marchi and his celebrated pupil, John Baptist De Rossi. Through their excavation the intricacies of planning and decoration were revealed. Through the subsequent discovery of nearly fifty of these underground burying places, the knowledge of early Christianity has been much enriched. Such catacombs as Domitilla, Priscilla, Lucina, Commodilla, Calixtus and Sebastian have been explored and bear much the same evidence.

Perhaps one of the most interesting catacombs is that of Saint Calixtus. It is named after Calixtus who used to care for it and later became Pope. De Rossi while excavating this catacomb in 1894 found a fragment with the inscription *nelius martyr*. Believing this to be the location of the body of Pope St. Cornelius martyred in 251, he obtained permission from Pope Pius IX for the purchase of the land and soon after the tomb of Cornelius was discovered. Following this came the discovery of a room known as the Papal Crypt where eleven Popes of the third century are buried.

The slabs covering the graves in this catacomb have a name or some invocation or Christian symbol such as the anchor, a phoenix or a dove inscribed on them. Some oil lamps line the passageways serving a double purpose; they give light and honor the departed.

The tomb walls are often elaborately decorated. The scenes depicted range from religious art such as Christ, the Good Shepherd, to scenes from early Christian life such as a vineyarder, rolling a casket and a woman selling vegetables.

Several small chapels are located in the catacomb of Saint Calixtus. One known as the Chapel of the Sacraments consists of five small

chambers with faded frescoes on the wall nearly all representing the sacraments. In one cubicle is the Good Shepherd and a table with loaves and fishes; in another Moses striking a rock from which water flows symbolizing the fountain of graces which flow from the foundation of the Church which is Christ; on another wall is the Greek word *Ichthus*, the acrostic for Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Savior.

The total extent of the Roman catacombs will never be known for many catacombs have caved in and there are still hundreds of miles of unexplored area. It is estimated however that the extent of the known catacombs if arranged in a straight line would be longer than the peninsula of Italy. The same situation exists as to the speculation of the number of graves but archaeologists approximate the number at about two million.

Great strides have been taken within our own century in the field of archaeology. However much of the stress has been removed from the work in the catacombs and centered on the findings under the basilica of St. Peter. As the work continues and the life of the apostle Peter and his environmental background are fitted into a completed puzzle the modern Catholic cannot help but feel a just pride in his heritage and also a sincere gratitude to the men who have pioneered in the field of archaeology to evidence to the world what "happened down below."

My Town

By Mary Rose Pasic

Perhaps the most interesting town in Colorado is sunk in the midst of the Rocky Mountains. In the summer, they dress themselves in varied greens. But to the west Red Lady remains bare, the crimson rock forming her against the dark of the mountain. Then, after the flamboyant autumn, their covering changes to stark white.

When the quaking aspens lose their leaves and the robins peck at the last worm, the snow birds begin their journey to this mountain home. Silent, steady, slow, and soft, the snow redecorates the scene. The hard, frostbitten streets, like frozen chocolate bars, become white cushions. The narrow branches bend with their coating. Inching higher, the snow swallows the town. Cars are put on blocks and the garage is closed to the wintry blizzards. Sleds and skis take the place of roller skates and bicycles.

And, as the surroundings of Crested Butte change, so do its inhabitants. Summer minds transform into winter. Thoughts of hikes and Sunday rides hibernate, as those of skiing and shoveling snow awaken. The main street in December varies from the main street in July. Snow sits undisturbed on the steps of the City Hall, but forms a tamped path at the entrances of saloons. A red snow plow worms its way. In the center of the street, a giant Christmas tree blinks, its plethora of lights dancing to the rhythm of falling snow flakes.

The children, wrapped in leggings, sweaters, jackets, scarves, mittens, and overshoes, look like active cocoons, playing in the snow. Their snow forts replace playhouses, and their mud pies become snow balls, poised in boys' hands ready to be flung at an unaware girl. But with muffed hands unable to retaliate, a girlish yell bounces against the snowbanks. Among this group of cocoons are two fascinating butterflies. In the span of one day, they travel through distant, unexplored lands, build houses, live the lives of movie stars, princesses, and mothers.

Plodding through the sequined snow, the thought of it undisturbed urges them. Standing straight beside the snow bank, arms outstretched, they sink into the cold softness. Their arms move up and down, and they carefully lift themselves from their impressions. A mittened hand draws a circle above one snow head. "Mine's a real angel; she even has a halo!"

Reluctant to go indoors, they quickly assume another role. On the porch, they pile miniature utensils on an icy railing. Beside them lay snow popsicles, cakes, sausages. Their "restaurant" is well established, and they have no time to linger over trivia. The cold-white spare-ribs and potatoes change readily into ice cream or maybe jello.

But suddenly with a swoop their "restaurant" shatters. The little boy runs behind a snow bank as the two owners sit in desperation.

With snow piled mid-way up the ice covered windows, the heat from the kitchen stove feels good. Wood crackling in the fire, wind whining through frozen flowers, two make-up artists discuss their work, their patrons including Hollywood starlets and glamour girls. The artists diligently labor over the paper images of these stars. Blonde braids flop over a carefully powdered face while exacting hands make red lips redder. Her companion adds a last dab of perfume, and props the picture against a book for admiring eyes; then searches a diminishing pile for her next customer. But with no "good ones" left, interest shifts.

As the sun lowers itself behind Red Lady, two princesses emerge in mothy wrappings. Bracelets weigh down their arms; frayed scarves conceal crookedly painted lips. A plastic jewel hangs dubiously in the center of her forehead, as one princess flaunts her graces before her court of teddy bears and raggedy Anns. Her wearied counterpart, however, slopes in a rocker, wishing for her prince. When again her eyes blink open, she finds her friend, outlined in the moonlight, clutching a faithful courtier, Otto the bear. Round, soft, smooth, and mellow, the moon pours down its light, inviting them to play another day.

Library Headaches

By Celia Sharp

For some people, the word "book" conjures up such associations as "author," "read," "page" and so on. I have always associated books with libraries. This may be due to the fact that all the books at our house bear, on the fly-leaf, such inscriptions as "Return to Crestwick Lending Library," "Property of the Los Angeles County Library" or "Library: Seven Day Book." How we have managed to collect these volumes, I have never learned but I suspect that it was through unintentional skulduggery, or that charming absentmindedness for which all great scholars are renowned.

After relating such a shady background, I should be the last person in the world to complain about the irritating library-habits of others; yet perhaps that is the main reason for my strong feelings on the subject. I am a sort of book-shelf Mary Magdalene, you might say, and can comprehend the depths of degeneracy to which others may fall.

For two semesters, I have worked in the college library, part of a staff of about twenty-five who labor endlessly to combat the shambles created by the students. Each day we card books, stamp books,

shelve books, straighten books, pick up books and put down books in our futile efforts to set the library aright.

Since I have been in the library for several semesters, I have a sort of seniority. This sometimes merits me the position of desk-attendant. When at 9:00 on Monday morning, the main receiving desk groans with books, I advance steadfastly, glancing back occasionally, to see if perhaps I have been provided with an assistant in my labors. Alas, this seldom occurs. The rest of the staff are standing below in the stacks, awaiting the elevator to meander down with its morning accumulation of literature.

Sometimes, when Fortune frowns, I am sent below with the others, to the stacks. (This is the term given to the place where the books are kept.) (I have always associated "stacks" with pancakes, not books.) After unloading the elevator, we place the books on a cart, as alphabetically as is possible, and from there return them to their places on the shelves.

If there are no books to be shelved, we "read" shelves; a job I have always found most distasteful. I am unable to concentrate on the numbers of each consecutive volume and so I must go back constantly to recheck or else hope that I haven't overlooked a misplaced book.

After spending six hours a week doing this sort of thing, I have formulated several theories concerning the books taken from the library.

I am convinced that most of the books checked out of the library are never opened, (let alone read at all.) When I see students stagger out bearing an unbelievable load of tomes on such subjects as Mathematics, Ancient History, and Philosophy, I am inclined to believe that these books lie undisturbed for fourteen days in desk-drawers, lockers, and closets, until such time as their borrowers see fit to stagger back with them.

Another theory I find most intriguing is one whereby all students spend one semester working in the library (for *no* credit) as a sort of introduction to college life, required for graduation. This would teach each one a good lesson. After tracking down lost cards, straightening up after some book-worm and returning thousands of books, I am convinced that the student body would think twice before venturing into the library, (let alone ever again opening a book).

St. Joseph the Worker

By Sister M. Dolorosa

One of the stained glass windows in the sanctuary of the chapel at Mount St. Mary's College is dedicated to St. Joseph. It is symbolic, showing a saw, a T square and various tools for carpentry. The carpenters who mounted the window, were interested and pleased, at seeing their trade honored in the sanctuary of the Mary Chapel, on the Mount. The figure of St. Joseph is not expressed; the story of Joseph the Worker is told by the tools of his trade.

The working man and woman of today, whether the task be one of manual or mental labor or a combination of both, may find peace and consolation, in a meditation on the life of St. Joseph, though this life is largely hidden in the shadows of silence.

As the Boy Jesus grew lusty and strong, we may contemplate Him, working with His foster father, and lightening the burden of the support of the little Family. A Joseph, bent, grey-bearded, and years older than Christ's Mother is repellent to the concept that many form of him. That he was a few years older than his young Virgin Spouse, seems fitting, as he was to be not only her companion, but her protector, mature in mind as well as in body; but not a feeble old man as in the Christmas verse, relative to "There was no place for them at the Inn." It reads:

*St. Joseph bowed his head,
His grey beard touched his breast,
"O Virgin Spouse" he said,
Where can I find you rest?*

His task and responsibility were to be serious and difficult, even though the honor from which they sprang, was the greatest possible, to be borne by mortal man.

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, with his usual broad vision of a turbulent world, rocked to its foundations by conflicting forces, has given us as our protector for the year 1958 St. Joseph, Husband of Mary, St. Joseph, Foster Father of Jesus, St. Joseph, the Worker.

HOKKUS*

The following groups, six in all are the work of Ann DeVaney.

TWINS

*These are my first jewels
So Tactful of them to come
Now, one boy, one girl.*

NOON

*Plaintive notes jar the
Dove. He stoops among lilies
To plead for Aves*

JET

*Piercing the heavens
And my ears, streaked silver then
Silence and chalked sky.*

CINQUAINS

THE SWAN

*How odd
To feel like stone
Benumbed, yet sensitive
To each delicate bouree of
The Swan.*

CONCH

*Salt worn,
Sand worn, skin smooth.
Spiral spun piece of fish
Shell, too empty. The water's ear
Washed white.*

COUSIN

*With this ring
My father's showy, shiny sharp
Cigar wrapper
You are my pal
To fight, to race, to climb and
To listen.
Come*

*Hokku is the name given to a fixed form of lyric, of Japanese origin, having three short unrhymed lines (5, 7 and 5 syllables) typically highly suggestive.

*We will put our soldiers on
 The big rock
 (They rust unused.)
 With this ring,
 The dime store's silver
 Forget-me-nots,
 You are my friend
 To swim, to sail, to sing, and
 To Listen.
 Come.
 We will skip flat rocks
 Across the water.
 (They collect untouched).*

*With this ring,
 The final separate band you do not give
 To me,
 We are unloosed
 And forget
 To listen.
 You give the gaudy cigar bands
 To your children.*

NEW YEAR'S EVE

*Time comes now in drops
 We must not mention it, but be still
 A few may fall on us.
 In the darkness we cannot miss their tinge
 Be still, still.*

*They cannot feel the drops in there
 Blinded as they are by light.
 Deafened by their own guffaw
 And the clash of glass on glass.
 They cannot hear them fall until
 The last one.
 They hurriedly crush it underfoot and
 Reach screaming for the new one.*

*But we will not rush.
 Let it roll knowingly down your arm
 And meet no closed palm to stop it.
 Be gentle, do not crush it underfoot.
 Be still, still.
 In the darkness the new one will come to
 Us.*

FIREBIRD

*Tutu,
 Winged scarlet,
 Quivering above the bouree
 of carefully resined toes
 Alights center,
 Dips and soars, lightly tempts
 The prince with faster wings.
 And she twirls low before the lights.
 The tanager struggles
 In ageless Russian profundity
 With darkened chords and silenced flute.
 The tutu is crushed.
 One fire feather
 For the prince.
 Then Stravinsky, loving,
 Lends her the flute.
 Winged scarlet she dips and soars
 with carefully resined wings.*

*A tale, a summer sweet and dizzy
 slow and lazy
 Kaleidoscope of sun and moon (there was no rain)
 of corn ripe days, ethereal nights.
 A childhood to be suppressed
 to be pushed
 down deep among the cornfolds
 down deep, so that the real
 and ideal
 is one.
 Now it is a dream
 The fallen tree that blocked the road,
 our bridge to nowhere;
 The sun spun hill, the dizzy one
 that tumbled into sand.
 A river eats away the soil
 And endless waters eat away the folds
 keep childhood summers afloat
 (They are real.)*

Why Greek?

By Mary Lee Verderaine

When I graduate from college I want, very much, to be a well rounded person. This type of person, for me, will be one who can successfully follow a specific profession, and also have sufficient knowledge of the liberal arts to be an intelligent and interesting member of any group, be it family, parish or community.

After considering the matter a very short while, I have found that a good portion of the solution for having a well rounded personality is contained in the course of elementary classical Greek that I am taking. This language and the insight it has given me into the history of the people who spoke it, enters into almost every phase of my ideal. It has its place in the sciences of dietetics and chemistry which I plan to make my career; in ethics, the guide to my moral life; in logic, the subject through which I may learn true and correct thinking, and in literature, a source rich in intellectual entertainment. Perhaps most important Greek is a basic language.

In studying dietetics, which include sciences such as zoology, bacteriology, economics, and chemistry, Greek will be an invaluable help philologically. A great percentage of scientific terms contains derivations from this language.

For instance, in chemistry, radiations given off in radioactivity are called alpha(a), beta and gamma rays in the order of the Greek alphabet. And what is very important, one can derive the meaning of the most common terms in the subject. For instance the word "ion," which comes from the Greek *ios* meaning wanderer.

Passing from my career, to some thought of how Greek helps me to understand what the good life is, and how to live it, it is interesting to note the following: the transition from non-scientific to scientific knowledge began, in our Western culture, with the Greeks. By the sixth century before Christ they had formed a general body of wisdom called philosophy. Part of this body of wisdom consisted of a study that examined all human conduct and decided, through reason, what is the right and wrong in man's acts. This division of philosophy they called ethics.

The word ethics comes from the Greek word *ethos*. It means custom of a fixed type that refers to a man's character.

Knowing the roots of this subject, it follows that a knowledge of Greek will help in understanding many of the terms and concepts in the ethics course I am taking.

Since you have seen how Greek enters into my moral education, you may be interested to know that it plays an equally important

part in the training of my mind. As a sophomore I also take logic. This is a practical science that directs the mind toward true and correct thinking. Aristotle, whom Saint Thomas calls "*The Philosopher*," founded this science. The course is taught, according to his analysis of logic.

From this information, again, it is evident that the study of Greek will prove beneficial in regard to the meanings of logical terms. As a matter of fact, the name logic itself comes from the Greek *logos* meaning "word."

Finally, through studying the Greek language I have, now, an invaluable aid for obtaining the most satisfying entertainment of all, intellectual entertainment. I have this aid because the Greeks were, as were very few of the other ancient peoples, magnificent in the field of literature.

For many reasons the great influence and enjoyment in the literature of Greece is with us even to the present day. Their literature was the first to be written in the Western civilization. It contained universal themes, a most important factor if it is to stand the test of time. Also the Greeks developed a grammar, and basic literary forms. Since they did this so well, others could appreciate their writings, and thus their literature was preserved.

My personal experience is, that my study of Greek for even a short while has helped me in reading Homer's epics *The Iliad*, and *The Odyssey*. Next, our World Literature class will take the famous Greek plays. I am looking forward to this since I know how studying Greek helped me to enjoy the epics.

By discussing the influence of the study of Greek in regard to my becoming a well rounded person I hope I have answered, "Why study Greek?" In conclusion, I realize that along with its helping me in a career, in a moral life, in logic and in getting fine enjoyment, the study of Greek has done two things: it has served as a source of unity whereby I may integrate all the factors I have mentioned into being the person I would like to become. Finally, it has aroused a spark in me that says, "All does not end here in college, these things are to be developed even more in your future."

My Conversion

By Toni Shom

I owe a debt for my conversion from Buddhism to Catholicism to the work of the Maryknoll Sisters in China. They were the ones who rescued me from the world of idol worship to bring to me the knowledge of Christ's Redemption. They were the apostles who taught me not to spend my energy and my devotion in making journeys amidst the curling smoke of the joss sticks and incense.

I remember climbing on Mother's lap, lisping a few broken phrases of Tibetan prayers in her ears to win that material affection and to watch her beautiful face break in a smile. I also remember accompanying her to the temples and strewing fruits and vegetables on the ground as sacrifices, after the adoration. I acquired the skill of lighting the joss sticks and the candles, and thrusting them into the incense pots with a fancy twist of the wrist. Sometimes I sat with my legs crossed showing both my clean soles while I recited night prayers to the smiling Buddha. I ran my tiny fingers through the ivory beads, and while my lips were arched by occasional yawns I gazed at the lulling smoke wiggling in the air from the fragile glow of the joss stick.

The happy days of tutoring came to an end, when I was eight. My tutor left and packed away all the fun at the study desk. I learnt that I was to be sent to a strange school, the Maryknoll Convent, to study English. I was excited and anxious, but my concept of school engulfed me with fear. Classrooms, blackboards, canes, the teachers' gnarled features, and hundreds of unfamiliar faces filled me with terror and insecurity. Mother bought me a rattan basket, and in it she placed the book of Confucius' wise sayings—a symbol of wisdom; an onion shoot—a symbol of intelligence; and a few pieces of money—a symbol of wealth; wrapped in a piece of red rice paper. I swung the basket hard, listening to its rattling contents until we reached the school building.

Standing at the door to receive me was a figure dressed in dark grey, from head to toe. Her hat sat on her head like an iron on the ironing board, and from it a long veil was draped on her back. I cringed behind Mother and encircled my arms round my basket, in front of my chest, as a shield. I wondered whether this strange figure was a man or a woman, and what sort of language it spoke. I soon found out.

My alphabet classes were interesting and enjoyable. I was enthralled by the sound of the English language although the jumble of s's and the lateral writing looked like a chicken's entrails to me.

Since every student was obliged to study the Catholic Faith, I attended the regular classes daily. In this class they mentioned Jesus

and God. This confused me for I had learnt of a single God, Buddha, from Mother; besides, this had nothing to do with learning English. But the teacher was very patient and instead of listening to the instruction the Sister gave I amused myself by scrutinizing her, wondering why the color of her eyes was like the liquid in my ink-bottle, and whether everything she saw had a blue shade in it or not. Why was her prominent nose twice as high and pointed as mine? What was hidden under that mysterious hat of hers? When I grew tired of this scrutiny, I doodled on my desk with my four fingers, or made dolls out of my handkerchiefs. Then I loosened the reins of my mind and let it wander far away, to some fairyland, or yawned until Sister sent me from the classroom for fresh air. That was exactly what I wanted. If my yawning failed, I would go up to her and ask to be excused. This always worked. Once I got outside I prowled around the building, and peeked into all the classrooms to see what other teachers were doing.

I remember distinctly my first attendance at a Mass in the chapel. I watched the students make signs with their hands at the entrance. I did not want to be left out in this, so I too, dipped my hands into the basin of water and made a sign more Buddhist than Christian, then walked straight to the pew and sat through the ceremony observing every motion. Everything was very different from the temples I had attended with my Mother. There were statues of men and women; of a child standing on a pedestal. And not a single Buddha! The sight of the priest dressed in that strange attire so intricately embroidered, fascinated me. The small round house covered with a sort of mosquito net in the middle of the table, the occasional chime of the bells, and the procession of girls walking piously up to receive a wafer in their mouths whirled me with mystery and wonder. What was that sign they made? Why did they have to make it? What did it mean? What was the ringing of the bells for? What was the stuff the priest gave to the girls? What were they supposed to do with it? Questions of this sort and more questions as to their worship and belief continued to disturb me. But I was afraid to ask, afraid to show my curiosity lest the Sister would think I was interested and let those big blue eyes search through my heart.

As the months went by I began to be more attentive to the Catechism classes. I came to realize and admit that there was a Supreme Being with infinite power to create things and govern the universe. The Maryknoll Sisters' unflinching effort to help the poor with food, shelter, clothing, and education impressed me. Their unceasing journeys, often in inclement weather to bring the word of God to hungry souls, made me think. Surely they were not doing all that for selfish motives but for the good of others. From then on I began to meditate on these facts. My gradual swing toward the Faith started from the time I unashamedly included Jesus in my Tibetan prayers. I asked Buddha to forgive my uttering of "Hail Marys" and

"Our Fathers" on my pagan beads and my timid yearning to become one of these unselfish Christians.

I began to build my courage around this faith as a clam builds its pearl around a grain of sand. When I was ready I prayed for strength to reveal my secret to the Sister who taught me Catechism. She was pleased at the change of attitude that had taken place in me and thanked God for the great grace given the formerly rebellious student. She began at once to give me special Christian doctrine classes and to answer my questions. One by one my doubts were cleared and my heart drew nearer and nearer to our Lord. Pagan worship no longer appealed to me and I was looking forward to the day I would become a Child of God.

The day before Baptism, I was taken to the chapel. How different was my attitude from that of my first entrance! I knew how to make the Sign of the Cross. I knew all about the receiving of Holy Communion and what it meant. I could distinguish the different statues on the pedestals. I knew where the Blessed Sacrament was and why Jesus was crucified. I knelt and prayed as I had never prayed before. I could see the whole picture of Jesus crucified flash vividly in front of me, as I stared at the crown of thorns thrust into His head and the blood dripping from the wounds in His heart—the blood which He so willingly shed for our Redemption. I cried as Mary did when she learnt that her beloved Son, the Lamb, was to be led to the slaughter. I watched Jesus pray in the Garden while the apostles slept. I saw myself a coward with the rest who looked on while the soldiers took Him away. The scourging at the pillar, the crowning with thorns, and the raging mob, spitting shouts for His death filled my heart with love and compassion. Then came the crucifixion. It was too much for our Saviour to bear—and all because we had sinned! I hated myself! I hated those who had sinned against Him, and those that had caused His death! I had not yet heard Him say, "Father, forgive them, for they do not know what they do." Love, pain, and sorrow rushed within me as I watched Him suffer and die on the cross. When the soldiers pierced Christ's heart with a lance, my tears of shame and humility ran down my cheeks as the blood trickled down His bruised face. I buried my head in my hands and wept, repenting all the sins I had ever committed.

The great day arrived. A whole era seemed to have crawled by since my first entrance into this Christian school. The priest approached me. The exorcism ceremony began: I was purified with salt and strengthened with holy oil on my forehead with the Sign of the Cross. After renouncing Satan, his pomps and his works, I walked up to the altar rail. The angels' voices filled the air. The gate of Heaven opened and I beheld its splendor. I saw the Holy Family sitting amidst the Saints, and the amiable smile on our Lady's lips. I knelt down in adoration. The priest tilted my head and pronounced my name as the first trickle of water touched my brow. Large pearls

rolled from the corners of my eyes and fused with the water flowing down to my temple. Once again I was strengthened with chrism. The white cloth of innocence was draped lightly on my shoulder. I gripped the long and tapering candle with both hands and stared at the dancing flame. I saw my own reflection—a Child of God—spotless, innocent, and filled with strength and Faith. I had found the True Faith and the journey to the road of light and salvation, at last!

Journalisms

By Martha Cartmell

It was on a recent visit to a university campus that I received a rude shock. College newspaper offices are not what they used to be. Gleaming black typewriters await spotless pieces of paper with toothy grins, while freshly sharpened copy pencils stand at attention beneath the insipid signs which leer, "Haste makes waste" and "Never put off until tomorrow what you can do today."

To repeat, it was a rude shock. The incongruity of the tame and orderly office was laughable and yet somehow pathetic as I recalled the hectic, yet memorable, year I had spent editing a college newspaper.

There were sixteen of us working on a four-page weekly tabloid—enough, we discovered, to make up three tables of poker, two volleyball teams, one good-sized party, and to completely fill the counter of a nearby drugstore.

Class hours were from two to five, two afternoons a week—sufficient time to give oneself a complete manicure, run through at least two packs of filter-tips, and get all the homework assignments from classes you had cut that day.

Nevertheless, around six p.m. someone would discover the proper lead for his story on the upcoming school dance. His solitary clacking of the keys was soon joined by mass hysteria as reporters began to assemble their coffee-stained notes.

Phones sprang to life as we sought information from instructors who had already left campus (we wondered why our phone bill was high), and low grumbles could be heard, complaining that it was dinner time and what were we doing still in class? But no one went home. There was a bigger thrill in the role of martyrdom as we staved off hunger pangs with candy bars, vanilla cokes, and much-chewed pencil ends.

Our walls, too, were decorated with inspirational messages. The small but helpful signs such as "Think" were dwarfed by one home-

made, cryptic caption which sneered "All this for two units!"

Can the young writers of today understand this feeling of comradeship which joined editor and reporter in a common bond? Do they experience that same feeling of pride each week as their offspring materializes? I doubt it.

Today's pride in journalists stems from a shining office, fit for visitors' inspection; a well-regulated system; and, worst of all, the meeting of deadlines with time to spare.

Our pride, however, was vested in other things. Learning to speak journalistic jargon with the hard-boiled expression of a city reporter gave us a feeling of accomplishment. To print an article which met with disapproval from faculty and students alike because of its controversial qualities was our fondest ambition. As for deadlines, I can recall engaging our printer in frenzied conversation in hopes that he would forget that our deadline had passed, until I had received a phone call from a frantic reporter, giving me a longed-for scoop.

Modern collegiate papers are filled with featurized news stories, which we avoided; moralizing editorials, which we detested; and illiterate gossip columns, which we condemned. However, the most appalling section is the "Letters to the Editor" column. Students pen pointless epistles praising amateurish articles, and, consequently, heaping blame upon writers who strive to conform to the true principles of journalism. And the editors in turn spend hours discussing the merits of the "criticism," experiencing nothing other than gratitude that the letters will fill that glaring hole on second page.

We, too, thrived on receiving letters, for they afforded us hours of uproarious laughter as we perused their contents. The editorial comments we added at the foot of each letter were sarcastic works of art, and the hapless communications offered ample food for editorial thought.

But the thing to which I object most on the average college newspaper staff is the complete lack of personality, an almost vegetable quality of conformity and insipidity (if there is such a word).

This was one derogatory term which was never applied to my staff. Faculty, students, visitors, and passing motorists might attach blistering adjectives in their talk to and of us, but all admitted that we had personality. That which I speak of was not confined to individuals (although the staff contained some of the most individual individuals I have ever known) but was a personality which encompassed the entire working body. We had a oneness and unity which extended from the journalism bungalow into all our classes and took definite shape in the college eating place, where ten to twenty of us congregated around one small table designed for four.

Our instructor searched for months to discover a descriptive term

for our personality, discarding, after much deliberation, such words as lazy, uncoordinated, diabolical, spasmodic, and sardonic. With graying hair and haggard look, he stumbled upon the word "non-conformist" for its inclusive qualities.

But perhaps the most striking contrast between our newspaper staff and those of today is the prevailing spirit. Perhaps today's attitude is responsible for this, as students regard their college newspaper as merely another class, and thus many are satisfied to do a minimum of work and produce a negligible result.

Our staff work, in turn, was more than a class. It was a job, a responsibility, but, most of all, an honor. I cannot help pitying everyone, journalist and non-journalist alike, whose college education cannot include this experience.

What Little Girls Are Made Of

By Sally Sprigg

One after another, drops of water landed on the window pane and slithered down to the sill. Leslie didn't like this weather at all. Back East, rain in November meant snow for Christmas, but there was no snow in California.

Rain wasn't a very good substitute for snow. It made her think that the world didn't care what it looked like. Sure, it took a bath now and then, but afterward it looked just the same, the dirt was still there. But with snow—well that was a different matter. The ground was pure and white, like Father Howard said a person's soul was after confession.

"Leslie?" a voice called her out of her reverie.

"Yes, Sister?" she replied.

Sister Paul Stephen looked at Leslie over the civics book in her hand. "We're waiting for the answer."

Leslie stood up slowly. She bit her lip and tried to look intelligent.

"91," came a soft voice from the back of the room.

"91?" Leslie repeated with a question.

"Leslie, what were you doing just now?"

"Civics."

"The rest of the class was doing civics, but you most certainly were not," Sister corrected her emphatically. "Sit down, Miss Randall, and pay attention. Billy Johnson, how many senators are there in Congress?"

Leslie sank back into her seat. She opened the book that had been lying on her desk and fixed her eyes on a picture of the Washington monument.

Her face felt hot and flushed. She pressed her cold hands against her cheeks to try to make the heat go away.

If only this were the other eighth grade. Priscilla and Linda were not in there. Then what Sister had just said wouldn't be so embarrassing.

Priscilla and Linda were probably laughing at her right now. She shifted around in her seat to see them.

Their blond heads were bent over their civics books. Relieved, Leslie slid back to the center of her desk.

Of course they wouldn't laugh at me. They're my two best friends.

Sister P. S. was at the board now, writing out tonight's homework assignment.

"Sister P.S.," Leslie said softly. With a smile she recalled the day last summer when she and the twins had made up nicknames for all their teachers. At first Leslie had hesitated. The Sisters here at St. Elizabeth's were great, but the twins were even better.

Why wouldn't they be better than anyone else? Weren't they the only real friends she had made since she moved out here two years ago?

The other girls and boys in the class called them the Three Musketeers. The name was a little corny but it fit. They were always together, acting alike and looking alike. They were the same age, the same size, and had the same color hair. They liked the same food, the same songs, the same movie stars, and the same clothes.

Everytime the twins went anywhere or did anything, Leslie was right there. In fact they practically lived together. Their favorite pastime during the summer had been going to the beach. Beach weather here was so good that Leslie, Priscilla and Linda would spend entire days lying on the sand. By the end of vacation they were as brown as pancakes.

Now there was hardly any tan left on her arms. Summer was definitely over; but there were still lots of places to go. One of them was the Nome theatre. They had hardly missed a Friday night movie there since school started. It was fun sitting in the back row and making wise-cracks about the movie, especially during the love scenes.

Leslie looked out the window again. The rain was beginning to let up a little. A bell rang in the hall right outside the room. The clock on the wall above the window said one minute to three.

Leslie sloshed along, carefully avoiding the big puddles of water where the sidewalk sloped inward.

"When we get down to the drugstore, I'm going to order a hot chocolate fudge sundae with lots of whipped cream," she said to her companions.

"Do you know how many calories a fudge sundae has?" Priscilla asked, aghast.

"No, and I don't care," Leslie replied, pulling her scarf further up on her head.

"You'll get fat," Linda warned her.

They crossed the street and stopped in front of a small building with a cosmetics display in the front window. Through the glass door they could see rows of merchandise. In one corner of the store a little man in a white pharmacist coat was putting up a Christmas display.

"Is he there yet?" Linda asked, craning her neck to get a view of the fountain in the back.

"Who?" Leslie asked, reaching for the door knob.

"No," Priscilla said. "Wait a minute, Leslie."

Laying her folder on the sidewalk under the awning, Priscilla opened her black leather purse.

"What are you going to do?" Leslie said.

Priscilla pulled a small hand mirror and an old tube of lipstick out of her purse. She pushed the lipstick up until the stubby end showed over the top of the container. "Do you like this shade on me?"

"I thought your mother told you not to wear lipstick," Leslie said.

"So?" Priscilla scoffed, putting it on.

"Well—"

"Here, Leslie, put some on," Priscilla held out the tube.

"You know my mother says I'm too young to wear lipstick."

"She won't see you here."

"Come on. You can wipe it off before you go home," Linda urged.

"Well—ok," Leslie took the tube and mirror and began to stroke the red color on her lips.

"Be sure you don't smear it."

"I've put on lipstick before," Leslie replied impatiently, handing it to Linda.

Priscilla picked up her folder and wiped a few drops of water off the bottom of it with her gloved hand. "Let's go in, now."

Linda finished with the lipstick, put the top on and handed it to her sister. Leslie opened the door and let the twins in before her.

The open door started a little bell over the entrance, ringing, and the man in the corner looked up. The warmth of the stove felt good after standing out on the cold corner.

The girls walked past the merchandise toward the fountain in the back. Leslie slipped onto one of the stools and put her books on the counter. The wool on her gloves made her feel uncomfortable and she took them off, one sticky finger at a time. A menu lay open on the fountain a few seats away. She pulled it over to her.

A long mirror covered the wall behind the counter. Leslie looked at her reflection. "I don't look at all like myself with this lipstick

on and neither do they." She looked at the twins who had stopped at the magazine rack just behind her. "I wonder what mother would say if she did see me like this."

A couple of weeks ago Leslie had taken an old tube out of her mother's medicine cabinet. It was one that would never be missed, or so she thought. But mother found out, and she was furious.

All the other girls used lipstick and their mothers didn't like it either. But that didn't stop anyone else. So why should it stop her? Comforted by this thought, she glanced down the menu to the section under DESSERTS.

The man in the pharmacist coat had finished with his display and was coming around the side of the fountain. He rubbed his hands on a towel and put it under the counter.

"What'll it be, miss?" he asked, adjusting his glasses.

"A hot chocolate fudge sundae."

"And two hot cocoas," Priscilla sat down on the next stool.

"Gee, I feel funny with this stuff on," Leslie whispered, putting the menu in its container behind the sugar jar.

"I don't see why."

"You know how upset my mother will get," Leslie replied.

The man stood in front of the girls, squeezing whipped cream on the sundae. With a small ice holder he pulled a cherry out of a jar and put it right on top.

"Don't be silly," Priscilla said. "If you had your own lipstick, your mother would never care. Say that's an idea! Why don't you get one?"

"No, I couldn't," Leslie pushed her spoon into the soft, foamy thickness of the sundae. Part of the chocolate ran out over the edge of the glass.

"Here, have a napkin," Linda sat down on the other side of her and pushed the metal container along the counter.

"Paul's late," Priscilla said, looking around toward the front of the store.

"Is that the 'he' you were looking for before we came in?" Leslie asked, referring to the mystery man the twins had seemed so interested in.

"Yes, Paul Thomas. He said he'd be down here after school," Priscilla replied.

"At least that's what he told me at lunch," Linda answered, sipping her cocoa.

"Why are you worried about him?" Leslie said, her mouth full of ice cream.

"Really, Leslie, he is the captain of the eighth grade football team," Priscilla replied.

"Yeah, I know. I think that's funny," Leslie laughed.

"Why?" chorused the twins.

"He's so skinny. He doesn't look at all like any football player I've ever seen." Leslie scooped out the last bit of ice cream in her Sundae. "In fact he looks fragile."

"Well, we don't feel that way about him," Priscilla said defensively. "We think he's cute."

"Cute? Oh brother!" Leslie returned. "His hair is so short that he looks bald. His head looks like the top of a bean pole and that Adam's apple of his never stays in one place."

"Really, Leslie, looks aren't everything, you know."

"That's right, and another thing—he said he'd meet us at the show tonight," Linda continued.

"Meet who?" Leslie asked, looking from one to the other.

"Priscilla and I," came the answer.

"But I thought the three of us were—"

"Oh, you can come along, too, if you want to," Priscilla said finishing her cocoa.

"I really don't think that I'll be able to make it," Leslie felt sick. She shoved the empty glass away, picked up her purse and books, and stood up.

"Where are you going?"

"Home." So this was why they had insisted that she wear the lipstick. So she'd look good for their boy friend.

Leslie looked at her check and took a quarter, nickel and penny out of her wallet and let them clink across the counter.

"Just a minute, Leslie. Wait until Paul comes and then we'll go with you," Linda said.

"No, I have to go home now and help with dinner. You stay here and wait for your friend." Leslie stuffed her gloves in her pocket and started out the door.

Outside the rain was beginning to fall again. Leslie dropped her wallet back into her purse and closed it. There was a tissue in her coat pocket. She pulled it out and started rubbing her lips—hard.



